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water to some depth is pent up, only the lake or the morass; because in them the agencies of sun and air, required to call forth the species of vegetation that forms the peat of the bog is wanting. This solution of these formations carries with it an additional presumption of its correctness, from the circumstance that some of our principal rivers have their sources in these bogs. Thus, the river Boyne, and, I believe, the Barrow, have their respective sources in the Bog of Allen. At the summit level of the Grand Canal the principal streams by which it is supplied have the same origin.

When we mention the Bog of Allen, we must not understand thereby one continued or connected surface of bog, but a series of bogs, which, however they may have been united formerly, are at present, for the most part, insulated, and separated from each other by the intervention of large districts of cultivated and inclosed lands, including hills, valleys, towns, and villages; and such bogs are, of course, the property of many different proprietors.

In ancient times the bog of Allen was computed to contain 1,000,000 of acres. At present, it does not exceed 500,000: and even this quantity is rapidly diminishing under the hand of cultivation; and, in all probability, the day is not far distant, when the whole of these wastes will be reclaimed; and this, perhaps once one of the fairest portions of Ireland, be restored to its pristine state. To this end the Grand Canal and also the Royal Canal which traverses the counties of Meath, Westmeath, and Longford, in its passage, also, to the Shannon, materially contribute. A large breadth of drainage has been effected since their completion; and a corresponding extent of land has been thereby brought into cultivation.

To these ends, also, the humble labours of the turf-cutter have been essentially aiding. Like the backwoodsmen of America, these men are in these wastes the pioneers of improvement. The history of their operations, as given to me by a gentleman on board, is as follows. The turf-cutter takes a tract of bog, some one or two acres, at as moderate a rent as he can—generally, I believe, at from twenty to thirty shillings per acre (Irish.) His next step is the erection of a dwelling, commonly of the kind I have described. He then commences turf-cutting, for which he has a ready market in Dublin; to which place a vast number of boats, of about sixty tons burden each, are constantly plying on these Canals in the conveyance of this article. Our turf-cutter, if he has been successful in his speculation in the outset, after cutting away a certain extent of bog, and arriving at the substratum of clay, will probably unite to his business of turf-cutter that of brickmaker also; having for this latter article likewise a sure market in the metropolis. During these different processes, or perhaps only in concert with one of them, he has, year by year, been bringing portions of his holding into cultivation; or he may, all along, have perhaps made this last his chief object. With him the pinching time is the first two or three years of his lease—during this period he has to struggle hard. But if he can contrive to pay his rent, or has an indulgent landlord, and is industrious, he will be able to top the hill, and in the end become, in all likelihood, a man of some substance. But if, as is too frequently the case, he allows his rent to get materially in arrear, he probably falls into the gripe of some merciless landshark, who, perhaps at the very moment he has brought his holding into a state of improvement that would insure his future independence, by the summary process of ejectment, drives him out of his possession, and turns him adrift on the wide world, to—if he has the heart for it—commence his speculation afresh.

DARBY DOOLY AND HIS WHITE HORSE.

I was on my way to my own cabin on the mountain as I gained the summit of a hill which rises about three miles west of Kanturk in the county of Cork, on the most luxurious harvest evening I ever enjoyed. The last rays of the setting sun shed their mellow richness on the surrounding landscape. The clouds in the west were varied with every form and colour the fancy could create—not a breath of air was abroad—the very zephyr seemed sunk

into repose—and the holy calm diffused around, stole insensibly to my soul. The lonely stars twinkled in the sky, and the harvest-moon rose, a globe of liquid fire. I sat down to rest my wearied limbs, and contemplate the surrounding picture of the Almighty's goodness to man, and repeated these beautiful lines of the poet—

"The sun had gone down to his valley of night,
And evening arose in her sombre hued vest—
Her zone with the rubies of ether was bright—
Her hair shone with gold, and on zephyr'sso light
Stream'd lovely and fair in the west."

My meditations were interrupted by the approach of a peasant, returning from the labours of the harvest-field. With that natural politeness which marks the Irish native superior in social feeling to the inhabitants of most countries of Europe, he gave me the usual salutation, "God save ye, Sir."

"God save kindly, honest man," I returned, "what is the name of this handsome hill which affords so fresh and free a prospect?"

"I can't tell you it's name in the ould times, 'cause I'm not very clever at *shanacha*, but it is now called Knock-an-geran-bawn, (the hill of the white gelding,) from Darby Dooly's white horse—of coorse, Sir, you've often hard of Darby Dooly an' his white horse."

"Never," I replied.

"O! meela murthier! any Christian not to hear tell of Darby Dooly's white horse; an' how Darby let on that the horse could produce silver; an' about the ram's horn that was the manes of cutting Mrs. Purcell's throat; an' how the honest pedlar was dhrowned; an' how Darby Dooly an' all his ancestors became rale gintlemin! Musha if you didn't, but that bangs banagher."

I smiled involuntarily.

"O! Sir, you may laugh, but there's the name o' the place, an' here's the raison of it. I'll tell it in a jiffy. Here, Norry, (to a yellow-haired little girl that emerged from the smoke of a neighbouring cabin, to peep at the stranger,) milk the goat, there's a gintleman here dhry;" and eyeing my lank figure an' sorrowful cheek, "goat's milk has great vartue, an' cures inward complaints like mallow spa. But here's the story."

"Darby Dooly lived forinst you there where you see the *fuheroach* (unroofed walls) near the ould road; he was a rale poor man, an' like myself, had a house full of little girls, (I have seven thackeens,) an' not a *marvedi* had he to support 'em, but a small field he was too lazy to till, an' a one-horned ram, an' a sheep that thried to pick a blade o' grass between the stones that covered it. He had a white garran, too; an' his business, when he wasn't roasting his shins, was cutting turf in that bog below; an' taking a thruckle load of it whin dhry to Kanturk to buy male for the little females, an' snuff for Kate Murphy his wife. Darby had a raison for keeping Kate up to snuff for whin without it, they say she had a tongue that would bother a rookery. But, sure enough, one day whin Darby sould his turf, an' put the horse's head into the flannel bag that held the feed of oats, he strolled into the square to buy the male an' snuff."

"'Sorra taste of my silver have I,' says Darby, feeling every corner of his mouth for his *three thirteens*—for why? he hadn't a smite of a pocket, nor a tack o' the tail to his ould shirt, that he could tie them in like a dacent man. 'A virra-na-glora! is it draming I am,' says he to himself that way, 'or did I let the silver slip between my teeth down my throath?'"

"At last, after a bit of a study, he recollected that he put the money to hould in the mouth o' the bag before he hung it round the horse's neck; an' on his return, he found the oats finished, and not a *keenouge* in the bag."

"'The curse o' Cromwell on ye, ye greedy vagabone, how much ye wanted silver for the change o' diet; but I must leather it out o' ye, or Kate Murphy 'ill be the death o' me.'"

"He slipped into the twig-yard that then grew where the range of houses is in Paycock-lane, as ye came up from the square, Sir, for half a dozen twigs; and after lading the white horse to the square, commenced bating him at a terrible rate. And though the people knew not his rason for leathering the poor garran, yet whin they saw him

draw his hand through every dung he made the poor baste dthrop, he soon had sich a crowd about him as wasn't seen in Kanturk since the month o' the seven Sundays. A sarvent of Mr. Purcell's came jist as Darby picked up one o' the *thirteens*, who hastens to acquaint his masther with it. Purcell, a grand gentleman, came up jist as Darby found the second, and shortly afther he saw him poke out the third.

"Darby, avick," says Mr. Purcell, for he knew him very well, "is it witchcraft you have to desave people, or is your horse actually making goold?"

"Oh, not at all, Sir," says Darby, very sharp, "only bits o' silver."

"Is your horse in the habit of doing that," says he.

"Whiniver I bates him well," says Darby.

"And does your horse ever dthrop goold," says t'other, mighty pullite.

"Yes at a sartin time of the moon," says Darby.

"Where did you get the horse, Darby?"

"Oh, there's telling of that, avourneen."

"Would you sell him for a good penny, Darby?"

"Oh, bedad, masther avick, my horn is harder than that comes to. If you'd insure me aginst Kate Murphy's putting her tin commandments in my face for the bargain, I'd talk to yer honour about it."

"Does Kate wear the breeches?" says he.

"I don't say as much," says Darby; "but you see, with fighting for it, this ould poneen (patched garment) on me is torn to rags."

"Well, sure enough, with one palaver and another, Darby threw his come-hedher over him, till Mr. Purcell gev him twenty yallow guineas for his ould garran, and Darby walked home with the money in his fist, as proud as a paycock."

"I won't delay you, Sir, to tell how Mr. Purcell sent out a prockleymation, I think they call it, inviting all the grandees to see the performance of the wonderful horse—how all the gintlemen laughed at Mr. Purcell's madness—how the poor horse died ov the bating he got, and how Mr. Purcell brought a guard ov sogers to take and hang Darby at the square of Kanturk."

"A frind tould Darby that Purcell was bringing the guard to hang him."

"Badhershin," says he, "sure they arn't *Shemus a cocca's** times with us, to hang a man without the benefit of a judge and jury. I gev him the worth of his bargain any how. Kate Murphy, that thief of a ram picks up every blade of grass from the poor sheep, so I think we'll put him out o' the cowlid. Juggy, turn in the ram; and Kauth, take this yallow boy and bring us a dthrop o' whiskey to wet the ram, and a grain of coffee to make a dthrop of tay for your mother, poor woman; and, Sheela, lay legs to ground, an' tell my gossy, (gossip,) Teig More, (Great Timothy,) to be here aginst evening, dead or alive; and, Maura, step over to Duarigil for Shemeen O'Shine, and bid him remember not to forget the bag-pipes; and in your way home call to Aileen a Keenta, (Eleanor the Mourner,) and bid her be over here bine-by at her peril—Darby Dooley's fathers would blush in their graves if their son left the world without a blast of the pipes, the cry o' the keener, and a dacent wake at his going!"

"Whin the ram was kilt, Darby puts the blood in the *drisheen*,† an' ties it up very tidy round Kate Murphy's throat, and pinned her *futhill*‡ tight, so that her neck looked quite nathral. Thin he takes the horn, an' scrapes it so smooth and purty that you'd swear it was in use since the days of Fion ma Cuil."

"But to come to my story—jist as the mutton was cooked, and Sheemeen O'Shine giving the last bar of *Saggart na Bootishy*, who should call to the door but Mr. Purcell."

"Darby Dooley, you abominable villain," says he,

* The peasantry of Ireland still retain, what I may be guilty of a pun by calling, the most sovereign contempt for the memory of James the Second, and loudly execrate his cowardly flight, when they discourse concerning "the break of the Boyne."

† The stomach of a sheep.

‡ A garment worn on the neck.

mighty grand, 'I'll hang you as high as Hymen, (Haman, probably,) for chating a gentleman. Come out here, you spalpeen."

"Murther meela," says Darby, who was making buttons, though he put a bould face upon the mather, "what a persecuted man I am! Kate Murphy is pulling out my daylight for selling the horse—and your honour frickens me with them nicknames, that Darby Dooley's father's son never deserved. Howsomer, Sir, your honour won't be above letting these gintlemen (maning the sogers) come in to a bit of mutton, an' a dthrop of rale *parl' amint*."

"The sogers, well became 'em, up and tould Mr. Purcell to indulge the poor man; and whin they inthered, my dear, they got hould-belly-hould of mutton and whiskey—the gentleman himself was prevailed on to taste a cup o' Kate's coffee, with a rale good *stick* in it."

"Kate Murphy, honey," says he, (that's Darby,) for he always gev her her own name, "I must be going, heaven speed all thravellers. Bring us t'other bottle, and thin I'll kiss yourself an' the poor childhre, that I won't see no more;" and he let on to wipe his eyes.

"Darby, a gown," says she, "yer belly lost upon ye."

"Kate Murphy," says he, "maybe you want a dthrop of eye-wather to help your sight to behold your poor man hanging like a scal'crow on a windy day."

"Dear knows, Darby, you often wronged me, and gev me a sore heart, afore now," says she.

"Badhershin, avourneen," says he; and one word borried another, and Darby Dooley, who let on to be in a rale passion, riz, and saized a knife, and stuck Kate a prod in the right place, and she fell spouting blood and kicking her legs like any thing. The sogers saized upon Darby."

"Less of yer freedom, my boys," says he, "till we're better acquainted. Let her cool a bit."

"Whin Kate stopped kicking, he pulled out his ram's horn, and blew two or three puffs in her ear, whin up started ma colleen before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Darby Dooley," says Mr. Purcell, says he, "do ye dale with the devil, to kill yer wife an' bring her to life agin?"

"I'd scorn the likes, plase yer honour," says he, rather cute, "though I might meet with a worse dailer."

"Sell me the horn, Darby, and I'll forgive and forget all."

"Oh, that's a thing onpossible; for if I gev Kate Murphy a prod as usual, I'd be hanged for murder."

"Oh, never fear that, Darby—I can bring a man every year from the gallis, (and so he could, they say,) and I'll be your frind for ever, Darby."

Kate joined the gentleman, and promised never more to fret Darby; and Purcell carried off the ram's horn, after paying a considerable sum on the nail for it."

The peasant had proceeded thus far in his story, when the little girl before-mentioned appeared with a pigginn* of delicious goat's milk, which she presented me, dropping at the same time a low curtesy, when the peasant, altering his voice from the narrative tone to a sharp, quick mode of expression, said,

"O, ye crathur, one would think it was making that milk ye war. Where is your manners, ye thackeen, not to put that dthrop of milk in the blue basin?" Then turning to me, "Ohone, the dew is falling, and ye'll get cowlid, Sir, and my story not tould."

"Whin Mr. Purcell got home, he invited all the gintlemen, and they had a grand coshering; and in the middle of the inthertainment he picked a quarrel with his lady, whin he caught up a knife, and stabbed her in rale airnest, and if he was blowing the ram's horn in her ear till doomsday, he couldn't revive her at all at all. Bit the poor gentleman was determined upon revenge, (and no wondher;) so he came upon Darby as sly as a Peeler, and before you could say thrap-stick he was bagged like a fox, and carried down to Kanturk to be dthrownd, while Kate and the childhre riz the seven parishes with their ullagoning. The sogers left poor Darby bound up to his

* A small drinking vessel composed of staves and wooden hoops.

good behaviour, I warrant ye, at the door of a public-house in the town, while they stepped in to take a dhram. An honest pedlar, passing down in the dusk of the evening, stumbled across the bag that lay in the foot path.

"'Hang or dhrown me,' says the man within, 'but the sorra take me, if I marry yer daughter now or evermore, amin.'

"'Mother of mercy,' says t'other, 'what daughter are ye spaking of?'

"'Musha, is that all you know ov it,' says he of the bag; 'you must be a *furriner* in these parts at that rate.'

"So he up and toul't him how Mr. Purcell's daughter fell in love with him, and was mighty sick—how her father, to preserve her life, pinned him, (maning Darby,) an' that he had his choice to dhrown, or marry the dying, love-sick lady.

"'Let me in,' says the pedlar, 'and I'll give you my pack of soft goods into the bargain.'

"'Agreed,' says Darby.

"So whin my jockey got out, he fastened the gad upon the pedlar.

"'There,' says Darby, says he, 'much good may it do ye. Bud it's how I think, it's cowl'd comfort you'll have with the *garran*, after all, I'm afeard.'

"Thin Darby set off with the pack, and the poor pedlar was taken and pitched into the river, though he offered fifty times to marry Miss Purcell; and by the same token, the hole he was dhrowned in is called the 'pedlar's hole' to this day.

"In a year, or thereabouts, afther, whin Darby Dooly had the pack of goods sould, he returns home. It was a fine harvest night like this, and he never stops nor stays till he comes to Mr. Purcell's and taps at his room windy. Mr. Purcell, hearing the rap, gets up with a blunderbush; but whin he sees Darby Dooly, with a little box at his back, standing quite nath'ral on his own two legs, the blunderbush dhrops from his hand, his jaws begin to play a tune, and the cowl'd *prospiration* runs down his face.

"'Heaven an' ayth! Darby Dooly,' says he, 'spake, if it's yerself that's there that I dhrowned in the Alloa, or is it yer ghost? Ye war the unloocky man to me—I kilt my wife through yer manes, and I dhrowned yerself—and I suppose that's your ghost that's come to haunt me.'

"'It's all thrue ye say,' says Darby, says he; 'but it all turned out for the betther—I'm now a blessed saint in heaven,' says he, the thief of the world.

"'Have ye any news of the misthress, Darby avourneen?' says he.

"'That's the business that brought me,' says t'other: 'she's purty well, only that she's not clear out o' Purgathory yet. She got lave for me to come for the thrifle of money you have in the desk, to get masses said for her soul; and to warn your honour to prepare for death, for you havn't long on this ayth. The money, if you please, and here's the box to put it in.'

"And, sure enough, Darby gothered away the cash; and the warning saized so much on Mr. Purcell's mind that he died in a month. And there's the story of Darby Dooly and his white horse."

An humble and solitary shilling yet lingered in my pocket. It survived the casual expenses of a little tour from which I was now returning, and in which "all its lovely companions were faded and gone," I instinctively slipped the little piece between my fore-finger and thumb to give the cottager in return for his hospitality, when recollecting from experience how the offer of pecuniary recompense upon these occasions insults the Irish peasant, the shilling fell noiseless to its former resting-place. I arose, grasped the hand of my new acquaintance, and pursued homeward my solitary way. E. W.

•• The foregoing is a fair specimen of the description of stories narrated, and implicitly believed, by the peasantry in many districts of our country. Indeed, in many places they have little else to do, than to tell and listen to such tales. We trust that the efforts at present making to impart real knowledge, and to instruct as well as amuse, will have the effect of turning their attention to matters of real utility.

EVENING ON INNISFALLEN,

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ISLAND AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Since soon we'll forget all the joy we are tasting,
And transient the light of e'en memory will grow,
Whilst around thee the wild wave unheeded is hasting,
And lonesome and sad and neglected art thou,

Lovely isle! one last wreath to thy name I'll entwine,
Though unworthy the hand that thy page would adorn,
And I'll sing of the pleasant fields still that are thine,
And the dew-drops that gild thy bright flow'rets at morn.

Though gone are the days when the soft sunny smile
Of the fair maids of Erin yet beamed in thy bowers,
When unscared by the rude hands that wasted their isle,
Fresh garlands they wove of thy sweet native flowers.

Yet the sun that's just set in the water's clear breast,
And in fancy still seems o'er thy woodlands to be,
Never sunk in the arms of the day-closing west,
O'er an island more blooming, more lovely than thee.

Still green are thy pastures and fruitful thy field,
And the trees of thy groves all their blossoms expand,
Still rich are thy flocks, and the offerings they yield
Are unmatched in the pastures of Erin's green land.

Oh! cold must his bosom be, where no devotion
Lights up, as he views the bright landscape around,
And the isles, like the green spots on life's heaving ocean,
Which gem the blue waters thy woodlands that bound.

And those mountains which dark waving forests adorn,
That rise so majestic to catch the first rays
Of the sun, when he looks from his chambers at morn,
And all their bold summits are wrapt in his blaze.

Where range the red deer, to their last covert driven,
Where soars the proud eagle midst thunder and clouds,
His eyrie is fixed on the cliff nearest heaven,
And the dark rolling tempest his young ones enshrouds.

And the eye ne'er beheld a more glorious display
Of the grandeur of Nature o'er all this sweet scene,
Where lake, mountain, and woodland, were joined in array,
And contrasted with these was the island's soft green.

The last light is beaming—the clouds change their hue,
Earth sinks to repose till the morn shall awake,
Stars gem the pure heavens mid the ether's soft blue,
And night spreads her mantle across the still lake.

'Twas a foretaste of bliss—such as heaven hath designed,
In its mercy, to soothe and to soften the heart;
'Twas a feast for the soul, and a calm for the mind,
Which the world and its follies could never impart.

But that sun shall arise, and shine on the morrow,
As cheering, as warm, and as gay as before,
And the clouds still the hues of their beauties shall borrow,
As they wing their wild flight o'er the waterbound shore.

And thus may thy night end—from sorrow awaking,
Restrung be thy harp, and yet heard be the song
Of love, and of joy, and of friendship partaking,
And the music of hope shall its echoes prolong.

ALPHA.

Old Maids.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex, "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an "old maid." In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature an "old maid."

Dublin: Printed and Published by P. D. HARRY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.